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Daily Mirror

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TO-DAY.

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One Halfpenny.

HEIR BORN TO THE THRONE OF ITALY.



The Queen of Italy and her two daughters, the Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda.



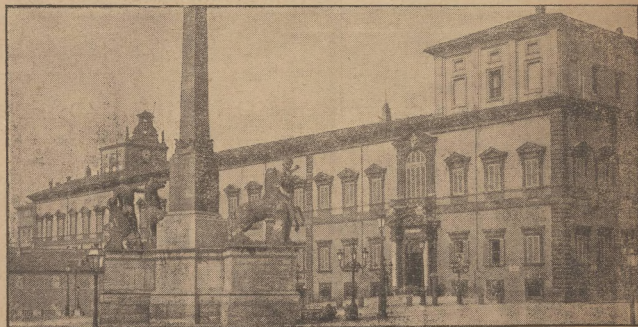
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA.



HIS MAJESTY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III.



Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy in their motor-car in the grounds of the Royal Palace of Racconigi.



THE QUIRINAL PALACE—THE LITTLE PRINCE'S FUTURE HOME.

All Italy is rejoicing at the birth of the long-expected heir to the throne, which took place late on Thursday night at the Royal Palace of Racconigi. Since their marriage, in 1896, two little Princesses have come to gladden the hearts of their Majesties, and the arrival now of a son and heir has been the signal for great rejoicing throughout the land. The infant Prince has been given the name of Humbert, Prince of Piedmont.

ITALY'S PRINCE.

Queen Elena's Great Hope Fulfilled.

DAY OF REJOICING.

Infant Heir Given His Grandfather's Name.

KING EDWARD PLEASED.

For the second time within the last few weeks the birth of a son has brought delight to a great nation.

Italians, who have so long been praying for an heir to the throne, hailed with great joy the good tidings that the anxiously-expected infant was a boy.

To them the news was of grave concern, for Queen Elena's two other children are girls, and hitherto the heir to the throne has been the Duke of Aosta, the King's cousin.

A direct succession is now assured. Business was practically suspended yesterday, and throughout the length and breadth of Italy the people gave themselves up to rejoicings. The King himself neglected the ordinary affairs of State, and spent his time receiving congratulations, which poured in from all parts of the world.

Queen Elena is borne up by her great joy. In presenting her King and country with an heir to the throne her heart's desire has been gratified.

KINGDOM REJOICING.

Jubilation Throughout Length and Breadth of Italy.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Friday.—To-day is a day of wild rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of Italy. Last night, at eleven o'clock, in the Royal Palace at Racconigi, Queen Elena was safely delivered of a son.

Throughout the land the warm-hearted, demonstrative people have hailed the news of the birth of a Prince with the most extravagant signs of joy.

The thunder of the 101 guns that announced the anxiously-awaited event was everywhere followed by the joyous ringing of bells, the hoisting of innumerable flags and decorations, and the cheering of the people.

PRINCE OF PIEDMONT.

The infant Prince has been named Humbert, and given the title of "Prince of Piedmont." This happy title has set much acrimonious discussion at rest.

The Liberals, discussing the matter before the child was born, wanted it named "Prince of Rome," but it was feared that the Vatican would regard that as an insult.

"Hereditary Prince of Italy" was a title favoured by many, but the King's revival of the old title, "Prince of Piedmont," will greatly please most Italians, and it is probable that it will always be the title of the heir to the throne, as the Prince of Wales is in England.

BUSINESS AT A STANDSTILL.

Rome was ready for the happy news. Nearly every house had made its preparations, and flags and festoons of flowers appeared like magic from every balcony.

Business is practically at a standstill. All the streets are thronged with rejoicing people in gala attire. The special editions of the papers containing the latest news are eagerly bought on every hand. Bands are playing and the whole city is en fête.

News from the provinces shows that every town and village of the country rejoices, as do the folk on the banks of the Tiber. From the Alps to Sicily Italians rejoice as one man.

THE HAPPY KING.

The happy King is, like his people, neglecting everyday affairs. Ordinary State business is for the time being at a standstill. At Racconigi, where, in the old palace, he has been waiting for this happy day, he is dividing his time between receiving congratulatory telegrams, which are pour-

ing in from all quarters of the globe, and visiting his beloved wife and child.

The King has signed an amnesty for all those offenders whose lapses were not wilful. Newspaper editors who have offended the law are pardoned, as are also many guilty of minor crimes and offences.

Other decrees are expected to follow shortly.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

Joy of Italy's Beautiful and Popular Queen.

It is safe to say that Queen Elena of Italy is the happiest woman in the world to-day.

Beautiful and clever, loved by her husband, and adored by her people, she yet had one great sorrow. Dearly though she loves her two daughters, Yolanda and Mafalda, it was no secret that their being girls was a bitter disappointment to both the King and Queen. When they were born the Queen, according to Italian custom, had to apologise to her spouse for their being girls. Now sorrow is removed.

The Queen before her marriage was a Montenegrin Princess famous for her beauty. Like her great friend, the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), she is a poet of no mean order, and she recently published a book of poems, entitled, "The Crown of Thorns."

For months past the royal couple have been leading an idyllic life amid the beautiful surroundings of Racconigi Castle. With their two daughters they have been picnicking in the woods. They have taken motor rides and long walks together.

When the Queen had to abandon such amusements she fished in the lakes in the grounds, and since she has been confined to her room the King has been her constant companion.

AN ENGLISH NURSE.

The Queen has many nurses in attendance. The King, looking at the number of garments, toys, and nurseries in the Palace one day, remarked humorously, "I think Elena expects a whole family."

But the chief nurse is an Englishwoman, Sister Margaret Brown. This lady was a nurse at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and was selected for her present post by the matron.

DISPLACED HEIRS.

Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, whose birth has been received with so much acclamation, now supersedes ten heirs there were to the throne of Italy. In order of succession they are as follows:

Duke of Aosta, cousin to the King, and his two sons. Then come the Count of Turin, the Duke of Abruzzi, the Count of Salami, the Duke of Genoa, and his three sons, Prince Ferdinand, Prince Philibert, and Prince Adalbert.

For many years the Duke of Aosta had looked, if not upon himself, at least upon one of his sons as future King of Italy, but he rejoices in the good fortune which has befallen his royal cousin. The only disappointed person in the kingdom to-day is the Duchess of Aosta, who has always been rather jealous of Queen Elena.

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS.

King Edward and All Rulers of Europe Rejoice.

The news of the happiness of the King and Queen of Italy has been received with much pleasure by the royalties of Europe, for Italy's rulers have friends everywhere.

When on a visit to England last November Queen Elena endeared herself greatly to Queen Alexandra. The two went about together at Windsor like two sisters, walking hand in hand through the bracken. Queen Elena, who took many photographs during her stay, was universally popular at Windsor Castle.

From the English Royal Family; from the Tsar and Tsaritsa, who themselves so lately had a similar happiness; from the Kaiser and President Loubet, congratulations poured in upon Italy's rulers yesterday.

LONDON ITALIANS REJOICE.

Little Italy Hangs Out Flags and Lights Holy Candles.

When the Italian Embassy received the glad news yesterday the national flag was hoisted above the house. Crowds gathered and the doorkeeper was kept busy taking in telegrams which arrived in great numbers from all parts of the country and from all kinds of people.

Among these were telegrams of congratulation from the Lord Mayor and from all the Italian societies, schools, hospitals, and charities throughout London.

In the Italian quarter of London, round about Saffron-hill, the residents celebrated the birthday of Italy's heir by hanging out flags from the windows and lighting candles before the shrines of the Virgin and Child.

In a street just off Saffron-hill some little children erected an open-air shrine, before which they lighted little coloured candles and strewed flowers.

HIRING MURDERERS.

£2 Offered as the Reward of Crime.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—An attractive young woman of Pautin was arrested yesterday for inciting to murder.

Her crime was a strange one. She was loved by a young man, but had a past. She had before been in love with a furniture manufacturer, and she feared that he would intervene and spoil her new-found happiness.

So she determined to have the furniture manufacturer killed.

On Monday she came to Paris, and in the worst part of the 11th Arrondissement she found a man who promised to kill the furniture manufacturer for fifty francs.

She read Tuesday's papers feverishly, but there was no murder recorded.

On Tuesday she tried another ruffian. She offered him fifty francs, but he was not tempted. He had such a bad record that anything of the kind meant New Caledonia or the guillotine.

Then she approached two other miserable men. She promised them the fifty francs. They seemed to accept, and she gave them the name and photograph of the victim. If they were successful they would have fifty francs next day when they called upon her in a certain café.

The men were poor but honest out-of-works, and they went straight to the police, who arrested the woman next morning in the café she had mentioned. She was eagerly reading the papers.

KAISER WATCHING ENGLAND.

German Secret Agents Busy During the Essex Manoeuvres.

Although the British taxpayer will foot the bill for the Essex manoeuvres the Kaiser will reap considerable benefit from the experiences of the landing force.

Secret German agents were everywhere busy taking notes and making sketches. Among them was Count Eulenburg, a secretary of the German Embassy in London. This officer, when attached to Count von Waldersee's staff in China, was the cause of considerable unpleasantness by his adverse criticism of the British Indian troops.

Besides the report of the officially accredited German military attaché the Kaiser will have laid before him the observations of these secret agents, and thus gain an insight into the exact value of the British forces.

DAIRYMAID AMAZONS.

Gain a Victory Over a Band of Pirates.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—A Homeric contest has just taken place on the borders of Livonia and Pskoff.

According to the "Novoe Vremya," twelve sturdy peasants, seizing a river barge, rowed to the estate of a landed proprietor named Putiatin and threatened to lift his cattle.

In her husband's absence Madame Putiatin collected a dozen dairymaids, who constructed a barricade at the landing-stage, and when the "pirates" approached saluted them with a volley of stone and coal, and then boarded the barge, throwing several of the raiders into the river. The rest took to their heels.

The victorious Amazons then burnt the barge, roasting a whole sheep in the flames to celebrate their victory.

TORPEDOES AGAINST SUBMARINES.

Designed to insidiously attack battleships by torpedo, the submarine is itself to be fought with its own weapon.

Trials are being made at Portsmouth with a new quick-firing torpedo, fired from an above-water tube, with the mechanism so arranged that it sinks when it has reached its limit range.

The weapon is still in the experimental stage, but hopes are entertained it will prove effective.

TO HONOUR KING EDWARD.

Our Vienna correspondent says the municipal authorities at Marienbad have decided to name a street in the town "King Edward-street," and a picture is to be painted and placed in the town hall representing the recent meeting of his Majesty with the Emperor Francis Joseph.

CANDIDATES FOR THANET.

Mr. H. H. Marks, formerly member for the Tower Hamlets division, has been selected as the Conservative candidate for the vacancy at the Isle of Thanet, caused by the death of Mr. James Louthier.

The Liberal candidate is Mr. J. King.

STARVING.

PORT ARTHUR.

Japanese Rely on Hunger for Victory.

FOOD GIVING OUT.

The situation of the garrison at Port Arthur is daily becoming more precarious.

There are only five weeks' rations left, ammunition is becoming scarce, and the troops, but not the Russian officers, are said to be anxious to surrender.

There are signs that the Japanese are resuming their advance on Mukden, and it is believed, despite the appeal of China to both sides not to fight near the sacred tombs of the Manchurian dynasty, that a great pitched battle will be fought in the open plain near Mukden.

The Tsar has sent a message to his Manchurian army thanking them for their heroic work and their continued self-sacrifice.

Striking statements have been made by Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London. He said the time for mediation or intervention had not arrived. If Russia desired it, let her say so; but "so long as Russia fights we shall continue to fight."

The Minister predicted that the next fight would be at Tieling, and that Port Arthur would be reduced by starvation.

PORT ARTHUR SIEGE.

Garrison Anxious to Surrender.

From Harbin a telegram is transmitted from Port Arthur, stating that large numbers of bodies are lying unburied round the town, poisoning the air. The enemy prevent their removal, firing on our sanitary corps.

"The bombardment of the town and forts continues, though with long pauses. Between the 8th and the 10th inst. the Japanese captured a fort east of Golden Hill. The position was taken by assault, but the fighting was not severe."

The Japanese were able to remain in the fort on account of the poor quality of the powder used at Golden Hill, many of the Russian shells falling short or failing to explode.

TUNNELLING UNDER THE FORTS.

"The Japanese are stated to be tunnelling under the Russian forts with the intention of blowing them up."

"The Russians have placed mines under all buildings which could possibly be of service to the Japanese, with the intention of destroying them should the Japanese enter the city."

RUSSIAN DESTROYER WRECKED.

During the recent attack a Russian destroyer in dock was wrecked by a Japanese shell, and seven sailors killed.

ONLY FIVE WEEKS' FOOD.

Messages received last night state that only 15,000 daily rations are being issued to the whole garrison, including the crews of the ironclads, who are now manning the forts.

There are now 24,000 sick and wounded in Port Arthur.

The stock of ammunition of all kinds is very small, and only five weeks' full rations are left.

A Chinaman refugee declares that the garrison, the officers excepted, is anxious to surrender.—Reuter's Special Service.

PROVISIONS NOT CONTRABAND.

The Russian Government has announced that provisions are not contraband of war when consigned to private parties, but are only contraband when they are Government, military, or naval stores.

The British steamer Calchas will be released when bail for her value is given. Her cargo of timber, flour, and cotton has been confiscated.

General Kuropatkin denies that the Russians used Dum-dum bullets.

President Roosevelt has ordered the Russian cruiser now at San Francisco to be dismantled and interned.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Easterly to south-easterly breezes; fair in the east, unsettled in the west; rather cool.

Lighting-up time: 7.10 p.m.; Sunday, 7.8 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east, rather rough in the west.

THE "KILTIES" ARE COMING.

Great Band at the "Mirror" Palace Carnival. FEAST OF MUSIC.

The colossal programme for the free entertainment of *Daily Mirror* readers at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, September 24, is rapidly taking a definite shape.

On Monday as many items from the catalogue of music, mirth, and merriment as can be afforded space will be published in the *Daily Mirror*. Intending visitors to the Palace will then realise the extent and variety of the fare which is being prepared for their delectation.

And all for the mere trouble of cutting out a coupon from that day's issue of the paper!

Figuratively speaking, every Scottish reader of the *Daily Mirror* performed his native "fling" on reading that the "Kilties" band from Canada will submit their first programme in Europe to the critical judgment of our guests on the eventful afternoon.

Mr. Philip Yorke, to whose enterprise England is indebted for the visit of Canada's great band, decided yesterday afternoon that the "Kilties" should give their *Mirror* concert at three o'clock. Visitors are advised to be in their many queues well past two. The whole organisation will be present, comprising: 50 musicians, 20 singers, 6 Highland dancers, 3 pipers, 4 military buglers, 1 giant drum-major (height, 7ft.).

Two Thousand Concerts.

The "Kilties" are now on their way from Canada aboard the steamship Southwark, and are due at Liverpool on Tuesday next. They have travelled 100,000 miles and given two thousand concerts in the principal cities throughout Canada and the United States.

At the cost of one halfpenny *Daily Mirror* readers will have a musical treat for which select parties of American millionaires have gladly paid thousands of dollars. When in Willow Grove Park, Philadelphia, the "Kilties" played and sang to an audience numbering 160,000—a world record which *Daily Mirror* readers will have an opportunity of breaking on September 24.

During their peregrinations through the American continent the "Kilties" have played and sung at 2,000 venues. At Harrisburg their special train was entered by the notorious Mrs. Carrie Nation, who was conducting a temperance crusade with the aid of a hatchet.

Mrs. Nation—probably labouring under the popular delusion respecting the bibulous tendencies of Scotchmen—asked to be introduced to the three "most hopeless cases" in the band.

Three Teetotalers.

Thereupon she was given the names of three strict teetotalers. Indignantly calling out the surprised trio she "lectured" them for three-quarters of an hour.

"I love you, 'Kilties,'" she concluded, "and I shall be delighted to have any of you come to my home for inebriate drunks in Kansas City."

Five other bands will perform at the Palace on September 24, including those of the Royal Fusiliers and the 8th Hussars. Arrangements have also been made for the largest band in the world. It has a cubic capacity of over 60,000, stands nearly 80ft. high, and can carry seven passengers at a time.

Contracts are being completed of a surprising character, and details will be given in due time. In addition there will be motor-cycle races, polo matches, chutes, topsy-turvy railways, walking traps, foaming rapids, war kites, Maxim's flying machines, fireworks, gramophone concerts, and other things "too numerous to mention," as the auctioneers say. The Palace end of the arrangements will be in charge of Mr. Humphrey Brannall.

From Far and Near.

For the information of *Daily Mirror* readers in the country it may be stated that several of the largest and most enterprising railway companies will run special cheap excursions. By the Great Northern and Lancashire and Yorkshire systems visitors from northern and midland towns will be carried at ridiculously small fares. Manchester, Stockport, Grimsby, Kettering, Huddersfield, Todmorden, Heckmondwike, Derby, Nottingham, Grantham, Peterborough, Boston, Spalding, and other places in those districts will be afforded special facilities to share in the *Daily Mirror* gala day.

By the Great Western an excursion train will be run direct to the Crystal Palace from Bristol, Bath, Chippenham, Frome, Swindon, Oxford, Didcot, and Reading.

The London and South-Western will carry passengers at cheap fares from Reading, Windsor, Egham, Staines, etc.

An ingenious plan for insuring all *Daily Mirror* visitors to the Crystal Palace on September 24 has been completed.

And all that is required of you to share in these accumulated joys is to present at the Palace turns the coupon which will appear in the *Daily Mirror* on the memorable day, September 24.

"SLEPT AMONG LIONS."

Modern Daniel Who Loved All His Animals.

Amusing evidence was given at the Birmingham Police Court yesterday, when the well-known lion-tamer, Charles Prinz, was fined for ill-treating a horse by working it in an unfit condition.

On September 13 a police constable noticed the horse was suffering from a large wound. He inquired for the owner, and was conducted to a large cage in the Empire Theatre, where Herr Prinz stood surrounded by his seventeen lions, putting them through their daily exercises.

Herr Prinz told the Bench, in broken English, that the horse was only used for light work, and got too much to eat.

"It stands in oats night and day," he said. "I love my horse."

"I love all my animals," he added, on reflection. "The Duke of Fife saw me at the Hippodrome in Brighton, and can tell you so." "We don't say you are a bad man," explained a magistrate, "but I suppose you know more about lions than horses."

"Yes, I sleep among my lions," answered Herr Prinz, naively.

A veterinary surgeon proved the wound was due to overfeeding, and, though bound to inflict a nominal fine, the magistrates assured Herr Prinz, much to his relief, that they still regarded him as a very good fellow.

FIGHTING THE TIDES.

L. and N.W. Railway Line Threatened by the Sea.

The London and North-Western Railway Company are concerned for the safety of their main line between Holywell and Mostyn, in Flintshire, which is threatened by the sea.

For some years past the channel of the Dee Estuary has been moving from the Cheshire side towards the Welsh side, owing to the action of sandbanks.

Great breaches have been made in the shore, and the sea is now working in to within two hundred yards of the railway. Fortunately, the railway lines run at a slightly higher level, on an artificial embankment, and as the owners of the intervening land refuse to help to save it, the railway company have resolved to build up their line securely, and leave the land to its fate.

The railway embankment is being stoutly buttressed with thousands of tons of stone and clay, and as the line requires protection for fully two miles the work will cost many thousand pounds.

BEAUTIFUL BABIES.

Candidates Entering for the "Mirror" Contest.

To-day we publish on pages 8 and 9 the first of our pretty candidates in the *Mirror* Baby Beauty Competition. They make a quintette of decidedly beautiful children.

At intervals, as the contest proceeds, we shall reproduce a selection of the photographs, feeling sure that a spirit of emulation will induce fathers, mothers, and guardians, wherever the widely-circulated *Mirror* is read, to enter their pretty children for the prize and the proud title of "Most beautiful child in England."

As already explained, there will a prize of five guineas for the prettiest baby girl and five guineas for the prettiest baby boy.

Names of the judges will be published shortly, together with other interesting particulars. All children under six are eligible to compete.

CAPTURED SEAMEN'S WAGES.

The claim for wages by the sixteen German seamen of the steamship Cheltenham, which was captured by the Vladivostok squadron on July 2, and found to be carrying contraband cargo, came before Mr. Alderman Smallman at the Guildhall yesterday.

The men had already been successful in obtaining £10 each for hardships during their dreary and journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Yesterday the Alderman granted all the respective claims, the total amounting to £343 18s.

Notice of appeal was given.

FIREMEN PUZZLED.

A most awkwardly situated fire broke out yesterday at Corlickhill, Upper Tansboro, near Sligo.

The thick smoke from the upper part of the building involved was very deceiving, and half a dozen doors were broken open before the firemen succeeded in reaching the seat of the outbreak.

The flames were subdued after an hour's work.

SOUTHEND PRIZE-WINNERS.

Mrs. Radlett and Mr. George Bigwood, the Southend holiday-makers whose portraits appeared in yesterday's *Mirror*, were each awarded a *Mirror* fountain pen and five shillings.

HOLIDAY DISASTER.

Inexperienced Sailors Drowned on the Dart.

Two lives have been lost in a sad boating accident on the River Dart, near Stoke Gabriel.

Mr. Herbert Young, who was staying at Dittisham for a holiday, went out for a row in company with Thomas Mabin, his valet, and Mr. Owen, a law student, from Okehampton.

As they were returning home they put up sails, Mr. Owen, who had no knowledge of sailing, taking charge. Mr. Young was sitting on the centre seat, when, without saying he was going to move, he got up in the boat and moved towards the other two men, with the result that all their weight went on one side.

The boat at once capsized, all three being thrown into the water, about fifteen yards from the shore. Owen clung to the boat, but seeing the other two men some distance away he went to their assistance, as he was the only one able to swim.

The others clung to him, however, and all went under. Owen managed to release himself, but was very exhausted, and scrambled to the shore.

Several fishermen came to his assistance, but were too late to save Young and Mabin. Their bodies were recovered, and an inquest yesterday a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

HONOURING THE DISCOVERY.

King Invites Captain Scott to Visit Him at Balmoral.

There was quite a carnival at the East India Docks yesterday over the return of the Antarctic exploration ship *Discovery*.

The officers and men were entertained to luncheon by the presidents of the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies, and there was a great gathering of scientists. Sir Clements Markham, the chairman, made the interesting announcement that the King had been graciously pleased to invite Captain Scott to Balmoral for a few days, and had expressed a wish that he should take with him photographs and sketches.

On board the *Discovery* each member of the crew was surrounded by relatives and friends, who heard tales of adventure on the ice floes with great interest.

The five Esquimaux dogs, which were overcome with the warmth of the September day, were objects of much curiosity.

COUNCIL CREATES A RIOT.

Exciting Right of Way Dispute on the Thames.

Sunbury-on-Thames was the scene yesterday of a riotous attempt to insist on a right of way.

The district council claim that a plot of land near the Magpie Hotel, leading to the river, is public property. On the other hand, Messrs. Clark, of Ferry House, have relied it in.

Frustrated on Thursday in an attempt to throw down the railings, the council returned to the charge yesterday with a gang of labourers.

The Clarks' forces were overpowered, and the gang, amid great excitement, wrecked a number of chicken houses on the plot. Several times a free fight seemed imminent, and the police, who were present in augmented force, took the names of several of the ringleaders in the scuffle. The property presents a pitiable appearance of wreckage. The Clarks intend to continue the fight.

SOUTH SHIELDS DEMENTED LADY.

A load of anxiety was yesterday morning lifted from the minds of the relatives of Miss Mary Evelyn Redmayne, the young South Shields lady, who so mysteriously disappeared on the eve of her wedding.

She is safe with some of her father's relatives in a small Yorkshire village, but her mind is completely unhinged.

BEAUTIFYING THE THAMES.

The riverside at Windsor is to be greatly beautified. Several unsightly islands in the river are to be removed, and a waste will be transformed into prettily laid-out walks and slopes.

The sum of £46,000 is to be borrowed to extend the Alexandra Gardens.

When the work is finished there will be nothing on the Thames to equal it.

DANGEROUS PILGRIMAGE.

The blind pedestrian, James O'Neill, who seventeen days ago set out alone from Glasgow on a perilous journey to London, hopes to finish his walk by Thursday or Friday next.

On the borders of England and Scotland he was set upon by a band of roughs, who attempted to rob him, but being a veteran pugilist he promptly accounted for his aggressors.

RUSE OF A STRIKE.

Armoured Omnibuses Flee from Mill Amazons.

TERROR-STRICKEN TOWN.

Yesterday the crowds of strikers at Ashton-under-Lyne were to a great extent balked of their prey, the non-union women, by the clever tactics of the police.

Thousands of strikers thronged the streets approaching the Curzon Mill, but they were not allowed to get within some hundred yards of the premises. Even the newspaper representatives were kept at bay.

When work in the mills ceased for the day a posse of mounted and sabre-armed county constables came dashing up to the factory gates, and simultaneously the omnibus horses were brought out and yoked to two vehicles, into which the women, numbering about fifty, were quickly hustled.

Police Scatter the Mob.

They had hardly got seated before the drivers lashed the horses into a gallop, and the curious cavalcade rolled down the road.

Taking a quick turn to the left the mounted police scattered the mob, the omnibuses followed, and as the news as to which station they had to depart from had been kept a profound secret, the strikers and rioters were completely baffled.

At Stalybridge Station the small crowd which hastily gathered, was kept back by the constables, and the scared looking women quietly got away.

Meanwhile a great crowd assembled at the Ashton Station, and the mob was completely baffled as the train steamed through at full speed with its freight of non-union women.

Interviewed by our representative at the Stalybridge Station one of the non-union women said they were well treated and well fed in the mill, and they should keep on working there whatever happened.

The strikers are equally determined, and there seems little hope of any settlement for some time to come.

EVENING DRESS "KNICKERS."

Fifty Fashionables Emulate Mr. Hicks's "Young Duke."

It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Seymour Hicks to pioneer a new fashion in men's evening dress attire.

His appearance in court dress, as the duke in the second act of "The Catch of the Season," has impressed a number of young courtiers that they are said to be forming themselves into an association with the object of reviving the wearing of breeches and stockings.

As a preliminary, fifty of them propose to dine in court attire at the Carlton Hotel, arguing that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory.

REAL LIFE "CORSCAN BROTHERS."

VIENNA, Wednesday.—A landowner at Naghscherek, Hungary, named Anton Renizing, died yesterday at five p.m.

Shortly before his death he said he had dreamt that his brother Josef and he would die at the same time, and they would be buried together.

This actually happened, for an hour after Anton's death a telegram arrived announcing Josef's death, at Gilad, at the same hour.

MURDER CHARGE ABANDONED.

The Town Clerk of Margate has abandoned any idea of proceeding with the charge of murder against Thomas Latter and his wife, whose children were alleged to have died from arsenical poisoning.

Very small quantities of arsenic have been found by the analyst, he said, yesterday, and the prisoners were committed for trial for manslaughter in the case of the baby, who died from starvation, and wilful neglect in the case of the elder child.

NEGRO MINSTREL FRAUDS.

For forging two cheques, Herbert Bluson, who has been a negro minstrel among many other occupations, was at the Old Bailey yesterday sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

Bluson confessed to having forged thirty-two cheques.

KING PETER'S WEALTHY NEPHEW.

Prince Paul, says our Vienna correspondent, the nine-year-old son of Prince Arsen Karageorgitch, and nephew of King Peter of Serbia, has just inherited a fortune of three million roubles through the death of his mother, Princess San Donato Demidov, the divorced wife of Prince Arsen.

Two hundred youths who caused a previous strike of 1,000 miners at Ruabon, yesterday presented a fortnight's notice to their employers, thus throwing the men-workers again out of employ.

MURDERED SWEETHEART.

Tragic Sequel to a Love
Trouble.

INVALID PRISONER.

Betraying no sign of emotion at the tragic story recounted by a succession of witnesses, George Thirkettle, a Dalston blacksmith, stood in the dock at North London Police Court yesterday to answer the charge of murdering his sweetheart, Florence Collins.

Thirkettle, a man of fine physique, who saw service in South Africa, had been engaged to Miss Collins, a pretty girl of twenty-one, for four years. But her parents objected to the match, and early last July returned all Thirkettle's presents to their daughter.

The girl paid her last visit to Thirkettle at his sister's house in St. Jude's-street, Dalston. The interview between the two lovers was described by the sister in the witness-box.

After kissing his sweetheart, Thirkettle said: "I have received a letter. Why is it?" The girl replied: "You know why it is, George," adding that she was very unhappy at home in consequence of the trouble about their engagement.

As Thirkettle wished to speak with his sweetheart alone the sister went out of the room, leaving Florence Collins, sitting on her brother's knee, her arm round his neck. She afterwards learnt that they had arranged to meet at four o'clock that afternoon. But at three o'clock the girl's father came round to say that the appointment could not be kept, as the mother thought the two ought not to meet again.

Rejected Lover in Tears.

On July 24 Thirkettle appeared very dejected, and burst into tears when his sister asked the cause. Later he went out "for a blow," and did not return.

The tragic details of the story were told by the dead girl's mother and by police officials. In the early hours of the morning of July 25, Mrs. Collins heard cries of "Mother! Mother!" coming from her daughter's room. She rushed to the door and found it locked. The police were called and forced their way in.

Florence Collins, in her nightdress, was lying with her throat cut, and died a few minutes later in a policeman's arms. Thirkettle stood close by with his throat cut also, and struggled violently with his captors. At the German Hospital, to which he was taken, he said, "Is my sweetheart dead? Is there any escape for me? I hope I shall live to repent my sins."

It was not until yesterday that he had sufficiently recovered from his injury to be brought before the magistrate. He reserved his defence, and was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

FREE ONCE MORE.

Rejoicings Over Another Innocent Man's Release from Gaoi.

There were scenes of rejoicing in Ely-terrace, off the Mile End-road, yesterday, when it became known that Isaac Da Costa had been released from prison.

Flags and banners flaunted gaily in the grimy street, and the Jewish residents, including Mrs. Da Costa herself, danced vigorously up and down in the excess of their joy.

Three months ago Da Costa was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for obtaining money by means of a trick from a Devonshire gentleman, but it has since been proved that he was in London at the time, and the authorities have remitted the remainder of his sentence.

BURIED UNDER CHAIRS.

After a midnight burglary at Cedar Lodge, Clapham Park, the grounds were searched for the thieves. A policeman eventually discovered a man named Max Kloymer lying partially concealed under a heap of chairs in a tent used by lawn-tennis players.

Kloymer, who was sent for trial by the South-Western magistrate yesterday, protested that he went into the grounds to sleep. A companion mistook him in the dark for a policeman and struck him on the nose.

DISTINCTIONS IN LYING.

Explaining to Mr. Plowden how it was that statements which he made after being detected travelling on the West London Extension Railway without a ticket conflicted, Henry Stacey said, "I told a lie."

Mr. Plowden: Ah! that's it. Very often a woman tells a lie with no object, but a man never. You must pay a fine of five shillings.

FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Murderous Attack Upon a De- fenceless Woman.

There was a sinister resemblance between the methods of a prisoner tried at the Old Bailey yesterday and those of the notorious murderer Edwards.

Desirous of returning to Germany, a Mr. Egger, of Poplar, advertised his furniture for sale. In response a German named Oscar Boehm called, and Mrs. Egger, being alone, showed him over the house.

While explaining the working of a chair-bed, Boehm struck the woman a terrific blow on the back of the head with a sharp stone. She fell, but struggled to her feet, when Boehm seized her by the hair, dragged her along the floor, stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth, and, while kneeling on her, drew a knife across her throat.

With a superhuman effort she freed herself and got out into the street.

When a policeman entered the house, he found Boehm before a looking-glass, cutting his throat, but the constable speedily overpowered him.

At yesterday's trial, when Boehm was charged with attempted murder, he said he had no recollection of the affair. "It is like a dream," he added.

Sentence of only twelve months' imprisonment caused much surprised comment.

DIED WHILE MOTHER DANCED.

Baby Burned to Death in Bed and Left in the Room.

The mother of Eddie Clark, aged one month, upon whom an inquest was held at St. Pancras yesterday, stated that last Wednesday night she put the child to bed with a little girl, aged three years, and then went to dance at a theatre.

Returning home soon after midnight, she found the bedroom full of smoke. The little girl had got out of bed and was choking. The mother took her out of the room, and then returned with the grandmother, and found the bedclothes were burning. The smoke was so thick they had to leave the room.

The Coroner: Did you take the infant out with you?—No.

Why not?—Because it was dead.
The Coroner: But it might have been only insensible.

A doctor said the child died from suffocation, the body being burned after death, and the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

BURGLARY SOLVES A MYSTERY.

Missing Youth Found Through the Theft of a Cycle.

The strange disappearance of a youth, eighteen years of age, named Walter Kenneth Sheffield, was explained at the Wood Green Police Court yesterday, when Sheffield was placed in the dock charged with breaking into a greengrocer's shop in Wood Green on August 14, and stealing a bicycle value £7.

Recently an aunt of Sheffield, who lives in Devonshire, asked for help in tracing him, stating that he left his place of employment in London on July 11, and from that time had not been heard of.

When Sheffield was arrested he confessed that he took the bicycle because he was hungry.

A solicitor stated that Sheffield was very respectably connected, and he had been led away by bad companions. There was no doubt he was very queer in the head, and the solicitor asked the magistrates not to commit him.

The magistrates, however, sent him for trial.

EXCITING RESCUE OF A LADY.

Miss Kate Broomhead, a visitor from Sheffield, had a very narrow escape from drowning yesterday at Scarborough.

She was bathing in South Bay in a choppy sea, when a big wave carried her off her feet. Three gentlemen who heard her cries for help dashed into the water and succeeded in rescuing her.

She was in the last stage of exhaustion, and it was not until after two hours' careful treatment was taken that she recovered.

GUARDING A MYTHICAL FORTUNE.

A Southwark tanner named James Gammon, who was remanded yesterday on a charge of attempting to murder his wife, was said to be suffering from a delusion that he was coming into a fortune, and that his wife was trying to do him out of it.

A Peterhead trawler yesterday landed 150,000 herrings at Scarborough, this being the biggest catch of the season.

DASTARDLY CRIMINAL.

Heavy Sentence for the Theft of Nelson Relics.

In sentencing Henry Carter to seven years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey yesterday for the theft of Nelson relics in 1900, the Recorder remarked that, although the ordinary criminal might be supposed to have a disposition opposed to committing such an offence against his country, the prisoner had shown no such hesitation.

The value of the relics stolen was £5,000. Carter, in addressing the jury in his defence, said after serving eighteen months' imprisonment in 1900 he emigrated to Australia.

There, while acting as a "crew-runner," he met a drunken sailor who was "flashing about" Nelson's gold watch.

The next time they met, the sailor being "three sheets in the wind," Carter took the watch away from him, found a berth for him on a vessel, and himself "signed on" with him, hoping to secure other relics. However, the sailor decamped before the ship sailed.

Carter's criminal record showed that he had been convicted of office-breaking, shop-breaking, minor thefts, of wounding the police, and as a rogue and vagabond.

BITTER ORIENTAL FEUD.

Punjaub Fireman Murdered on a P. and O. Liner.

A picturesque touch was given to the Old Bailey yesterday by the presence of a number of turbaned Oriental ships' firemen.

They were witnesses in a case of murder, the outcome of a bitter feud between the Punjaub firemen of the P. and O. liner Pera and the Zanzibar firemen of the sister ship Arcadia.

While the two vessels were lying in dock on July 30 in London thirty of the dusky firemen of the Arcadia boarded the Pera, and, during a fight, Valadi Sallan, a Zanzibarese, was alleged to have fatally stabbed Dewan Ali, of the Pera, with a "Marselles knife."

The evidence was very contradictory.

One witness said Sallan, after stabbing Dewan Ali, ran ashore and met the rest of the gang running up the gangway, while another was positive that all the invaders passed Dewan Ali before Sallan killed him. A third witness told another story.

The case was stopped and the prisoner discharged. Sallan has been in the service of the P. and O. Company since he was eight years old.

GOOSE WITH GOLDEN EGGS.

Poultry Thieves Reap an Unexpectedly Rich Harvest.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Moscow, Tuesday.—Stepan Kalmuitisky and two of his companions have just re-discovered the famous goose which laid the golden eggs.

Kalmuitisky and two fellow-thieves set out one dark night to steal the geese of a miserly Hebrew named Parnice. They soon had six fat birds in a large hamper.

But the seventh goose which remained quacked so loudly upon one spot that the thieves imagined she had laid an egg. Thrusting their hands among the straw they found, not an egg, but seven meat-cans filled with gold and silver pieces.

The thieves released the geese and took the "eggs," with the sad result that after a night's debauchery and drinking they awoke sober in goal.

FLEEING A YOUTH.

Undischarged Bankrupt's Bogus Coal Company.

By producing fictitious figures of the profits of "The International Coal Company," Ludwig Furstenan, an undischarged bankrupt colliery agent, fleeced the relatives of a prospective partner of £2,000.

The prospects of this partner, Mr. Frederick John Ledger, a young man, have been absolutely ruined by Furstenan, who, at the Old Bailey yesterday, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for forging a receipt for £500.

The All-Common Sergeant said the only thing he could find in the prisoner's favour was the fact that he had confessed to his misdeeds.

FLOGGING TO BE DONE AT HOME.

Introducing a sturdy lad to the Westminster magistrate a father asked what he could do, as the youngster was too much for him.

Mr. Sheil: If you breed boys of that sort you must look after them.

The Father: But can't your worship order him a flogging?

Mr. Sheil: Flog him yourself. If he is unruly it is your duty to chastise him.

RACE FOR A GAP.

Motorists Trapped Between Electric Tramcars.

HORRIFIED SPECTATORS.

A motor-car was caught between two electric tramcars in Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush, yesterday, one of its occupants receiving terrible injuries.

Spectators of the accident at first thought that none of the motorists could have escaped with their lives. It appeared as if they must have rushed to inevitable death.

"I saw that nothing could save the motor-car," one eye-witness said. "I heard the men scream with terror, and as I covered my face with my hands and rushed screaming into the shop, I heard the explosion and the crash. The terrible sound rings in my ears yet."

The accident occurred shortly before two o'clock. Mr. James Gracie, a manufacturer, of Nightingale-road, Harlesden, the owner of the ill-fated car, his son, and a friend named Mr. Albert Whale, of the Ferns, Alpertown, Wembley, were driving westwards along Goldhawk-road.

Mr. Gracie's son was acting as driver. Just before reaching St. Stephen's-avenue a west-bound electric tram was overtaken, and to pass it he steered for the middle of the road without checking speed.

Error of Judgment.

As the motor-car swung out into the centre of the tram route the occupants saw for the first time that a tramcar bound for the terminus was bearing swiftly down upon them. But to the driver there seemed a chance to cut through between the two meeting tramcars, and he took it. At top speed he dashed for the rapidly-diminishing gap.

He had misjudged the pace of the tramcars. In another instant the motor-car was caught in an appalling trap. The shrieks of women who witnessed the accident mingled with the crash caused by the collision, followed by the explosion of the petrol tank.

The motor-car was completely wrecked, not a square foot of woodwork or metal remaining intact. The side of one of the electric trams was crushed in, and when the trams were drawn apart the three occupants of the motor-car were seen lying amidst a mass of wreckage.

Ready hands soon pulled out two of the unlucky men—Mr. Gracie and his son—badly injured, but conscious. Dr. Dobson, of the West London Hospital, was the first to come to the assistance of Mr. Whale, who lay unconscious, with his head and body terribly wounded. He was immediately taken in a cab to the West London Hospital, where he now lies in a very dangerous condition.

Mr. Gracie and his son had their injuries attended to in a neighbouring shop, and afterwards drove straight to Harlesden.

While the transport of the invading army engaged in the recent manoeuvres was returning to Aldershot yesterday a tramcar and a supply wagon drawn by a military petrol car came into violent collision.

The front of the tramcar was smashed in and the plate-glass windows were broken. The wagon and its contents were severely damaged. The tramway passengers escaped serious injury.

GAY SCULLERYMAID.

Stolen £12 Spent in One Day's Dissipation.

Facing the Southwark magistrate with the utmost composure, Mary Neil, a sixteen-year-old scullerymaid, who was wearing a new costume of amazingly brilliant hue, admitted that she had in twenty-four hours spent £12 9s., which she had stolen from her father.

The father, a porter, said that the money was taken out of his coat pocket while he was asleep. The next night he saw the girl come out of a music-hall, and gave her into custody, when she admitted the theft.

The magistrate remanded her.



**CHILDREN
TEETHING**

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904.

A SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS.

THE charge that wives are, as a rule, ignorant of the duties of wifehood, followed by the suggestion that a school for wives should be established at once, is met by a counter-proposition from the feminines to the effect that a university for husbands is much more needed.

The suggestion is offered that husbands should be thoroughly grounded in the art of coming home at a reasonable hour, and that they should be taught to abandon the habit of putting off their return to the family fire-side until every other place is closed up.

Husbands might be instructed in the highly-necessary work of washing the baby, listening with patience to long and tiresome accounts of their wives' differences with servants and butchers' boys, and also in the duty of eating and enjoying underdone potatoes and cold meat for dinner seven days a week.

If the school for wives is founded, the curriculum should include lessons in listening to accounts of the office worries of the husband, how he knows much more than his employer, how small his salary is compared with that of the head book-keeper, his brilliant retort to the unreasonable remark of the superintendent, and so on, and so on, and so on.

The secret of successful married life is for the wife to have an exaggerated idea of her husband's good points. She must not see him as the stupid person that he really is; but must recognise in him a combination of Narcissus, Napoleon, Hayden Cofin, Apollo, Sandow, and George Alexander.

The husband, on the other hand, must idealise his wife. It is his duty to see her as a composite of all the professional beauties extant, and containing also the qualities of Minerva, Marie Corelli, Florence Nightingale, and Edna May.

The curriculum of the School for Husbands and Wives must include instruction in the art of not seeing things as much as in the art of seeing them.

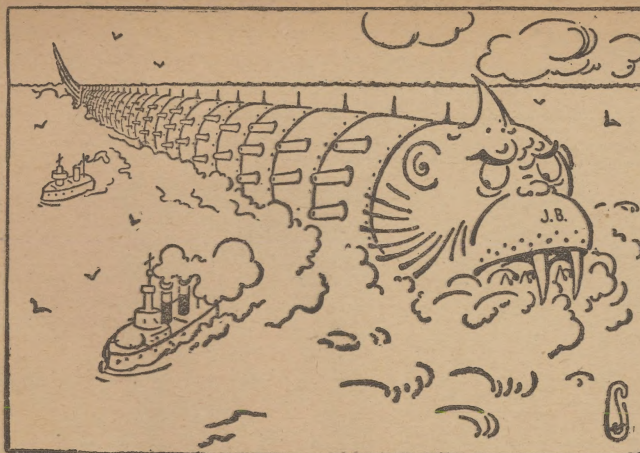
ITALY'S LITTLE HEIR.

To-day Italy and England rejoice together in the fact that an heir has been born to the Italian throne.

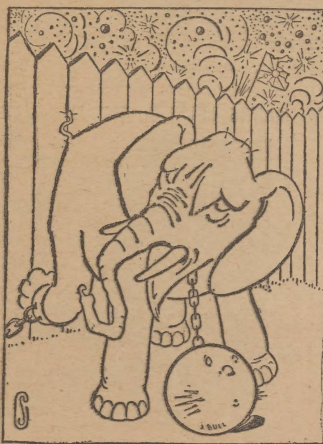
Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, who will one day be King, is at present a pink little mite whose time is divided in drinking, sleeping, and crying. He has no idea of the crown which is to sit some day, easily we hope, upon what is now a bald little head, with very little in it except astonishment and a desire to get another meal as soon as possible.

In his Anglo-Saxon way John Bull has managed to tread upon the susceptibilities of most of the Latin nations, but we have never had any Fashoda affair with Italy. The two nations have been friendly, and there is every indication that this friendship will continue. Two great nations to-day toast the health of a royal father, mother, and baby.

RUSSIA'S CARTOONS OF THE WAR.

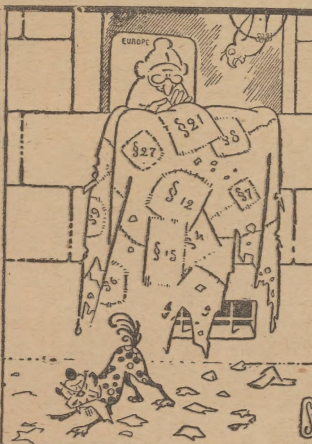


A novel rendering of John Bull as a naval Japanese dragon. Underneath is written, "Look Out"!



ENGLISH FEARS FOR INDIA.

The sound of Japanese successes is supposed to have reached the ears of the Indian people, and made "John Bull's tame elephant" restless.



POOR MRS. INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The cartoon shows the "Jap Mongrol" tearing her patchwork quilt of international law to pieces. ("Novoye Vremya.")

A WOMAN OF THE MOMENT.

Queen Elena of Italy.

SHE is the happiest Queen in Europe, just as she is one of the best-beloved and the most beautiful. For many years she has had only one wish, and now that is gratified.

In character, manner, and behaviour she might be a magnificent specimen of an English woman. Only her colouring and her voice betray her. She is as dark as the wing of a raven, with the pale, transparent skin of the South. Her English is far from perfect, but delightfully piquant in its brokenness.

Tall, slender, and graceful, she is a striking figure; every inch a Queen. The face is finely shaped, the features well cut. The eyes are perhaps her greatest beauty—large, dark, and brilliant; true eyes of the South. The mouth is firm and strong, slightly thin-tipped perhaps, but always ready to break out into a smile. And with it all she is known as the best-dressed woman in Europe.

Her graceful carriage is the result of healthy outdoor life, as her sweet temper is the result of perfect health.

All outdoor sports appeal to her, though tennis and motoring are her favourites. She can use a gun as well as most men, and is not afraid of a rough day's hunting, though she is of a gentle disposition, and would rather spend the time with her children.

She has written an excellent book of poems, though they are rather sad. The violin and piano are her favourite instruments. She plays both well. It is a pity that such a pretty woman should have to be photographed, she does.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

People worry over such mean things, and eat out their hearts and destroy their chances of happiness over microscopic grievances which are not worth a moment's serious consideration.—*Madame.*

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

"Mirror" Readers Keenly Discuss the Question in Letters.

The question of whether a man is justified in breaking off his engagement at the eleventh hour before the wedding is causing increased interest among readers of the *Mirror*, and once more the office is inundated with letters. Below is a further selection:—

A man who breaks off his engagement to a woman on the eve of the wedding must be utterly lacking in honour.

He is worse than a cad. Some new name of contempt should be invented for him.

Matlock. J. CRISTIE.

If we are unacquainted of the reason why a betrothal is cancelled, it is wise not to extend too much sympathy on either side.

The mere fact of a man breaking his promise at the eleventh hour is suggestive of some secret understanding. The eleventh hour is not too late to prevent a life of misery.

Let us therefore accord him praise because he has acted as a man—brave and honest—and not as a despicable cad. Rather before marriage than after! G. R. ROBESON.

Huntsmoor-road, East Hill, S.W.

I think most broad-minded people will agree it is much more preferable to break off an engagement even at the last moment (with just cause) than to hazard a lifelong misery.

I consider a man shows more moral courage by doing this, even at the last moment, than by going through with it just for the sake of the conventions. Better to suffer a few weeks' condemnation than to cause both one's prospective wife and oneself to suffer for the remainder of their natural lives. V. CRUICKSHANK.

42, Beversbrook-road, Tufnell Park, N.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SIR GERALD STRICKLAND; who leaves England in a few days to take up his duties as Governor of Tasmania, has known what it is to be popular and also hated. In Malta, where he is known as Count Strickland della Catana—his mother was a member of an old Maltese family—he was at one time the hero of the Maltese mob, but when the language trouble was at its height he was probably the best hated man in the island. His early education took place in Malta, but he afterwards graduated at Cambridge, where he was president of the Union and known as a clever speaker. From Cambridge he went to London and took up law, though mechanical engineering has always been his favourite occupation.

The first of next month will see the Ladies' Athenaeum Club opened at Great Dover-street. Mrs. George Cornwallis West is president of the executive, and the Duchess of Leeds is vice-president. Politics, art, literature, and music, as well as a claim to membership, are the club contains women notable for many reasons. Mrs. George Cornwallis West rests her literary claims principally on her quarterly review, the "Anglo-Saxon," which was published at a guinea, a price which placed it beyond the reach of the ordinary reading public.

Mrs. Cornwallis West, who is still almost as well known by the name of Lady Randolph Churchill, is the daughter of "Larry Jerome," a well-known New York character in his day. The greater part of her wealth is inherited from him, and takes the form of house property in New York. Strangely enough, to much of this property, situated in Madison-square, she is denied access by the trustees of her sex, for it has been for many years occupied by men's clubs.

The Duchess of Leeds has done a good deal of writing. Some of her books have been decidedly daring in idea. Perhaps the best known of them is "Capricious," a series of short stories. She has written a certain amount of poetry, too. Her devotion to music is sufficient to establish her claim to the Athenaeum without her literary work.

General Hutton seems to have constant trouble in Australia, and the command of the Commonwealth forces is by no means a bed of roses. Probably no man has done more towards binding together the Empire than "Curly" Hutton, as he is called among Army men. In New South Wales, where he commanded in the 'nineties, he is spoken of as having done more than any Englishman living to stir up Imperial patriotism. From New South Wales he went to Canada to command the Militia, and it was greatly owing to his work that the Canadians came forward with such boundless enthusiasm to serve in the South African war.

Trouble followed with the Dominion Government, and he resigned, only to be appointed to the command of the combined Colonial mounted infantry brigade in the West Indies. Then, in 1901, came his appointment as Commander under the Commonwealth. His first quarrel with the authorities was over a cypher telegram to the War Office. Then there was another dispute because he chose to advance a man of ability over men who were his seniors. Then he ordered a senator to retire because his regiment was inefficient. Now he is censured by a Select Committee. None the less, he is an excellent officer.

To-day is the forty-third birthday of Lord Inverclyde, the chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company. The great business was founded by his grandfather, who was created a baronet, whose son became the first Lord Inverclyde. The present Lord Inverclyde was principally educated by travelling. Directly he returned to England he settled down to the work of the huge shipping concern. Four years ago he succeeded to the title and the chairmanship. The greatest test of his mettle was when, in spite of all temptations from America, he kept his great company loyal to British interests.

If you want to hear some cutting remarks on the subject of modern ball-room dancing, you should talk to Mr. Louis D'Egville, who has superintended the ballet dances for Mr. Tree's production of "The Tempest." He has excellent reasons for knowing the subject, for he has been a regular to the Royal Family and most other people in society. The ball-room of to-day is a bear-garden—the society skirt dance is all skirt and no dance—the barn dance thoroughly deserves its name. Still, he thinks that stage dancing has immensely improved, which is something to be thankful for among so much condemnation.

RUSSIAN HUMOUR.

Boots: What time shall I call you, sir?
Visitor: Don't trouble; I wake regularly at eight o'clock.

Boots: Then, would you mind calling me at eight-thirty.—"Budlink," Moscow.

Mother: Petka, how dared you tear out the eyes of Zina's doll?
Petka: We were playing war, mother, and I was a Jap, so, of course, I had to.—"Schut," St. Petersburg.

1st Jap: We haven't enough food for our men.
2nd J.: The Russians will help.
1st J.: By giving us food?

2nd J.: No, by diminishing our number.—"Budlink," Moscow.



THE PRETTIEST BABY IN ENGLAND COMPETITION



Below are some of the many photographs which are arriving by every post for the "Daily Mirror" Baby Beauty Competition. Readers who know of a pretty child are invited to send a photograph to the "Mirror." Two prizes of £5 5s. each will be awarded to the boy and girl adjudged the most beautiful in their respective competitions.—(See page 4.)



M. C. Beverley, of Harrogate.



Edna Violet Samuel, of S. Hampstead.



Dorothy Victoria Pay, of Dulwich.



L. Miller, of Brighton.



R. M. Roost, of South Cliff.

SCENES FROM THE BATTLEFIELD IN MANCHURIA.

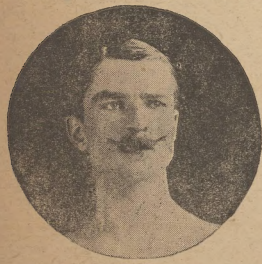


Japanese reserves sweeping over a valley from which the Russian defenders have retreated, leaving many of their dead comrades behind.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")



A picturesque view of a procession of wounded Japanese being carried into hospital by coolies.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

AMATEUR WRESTLING.



Jewell, the Leigh amateur wrestler, who will meet Manbey, of Southend, in the Græco-Roman style, at the Pier Pavilion, Southend, to-day.

THE ART MYSTERY.



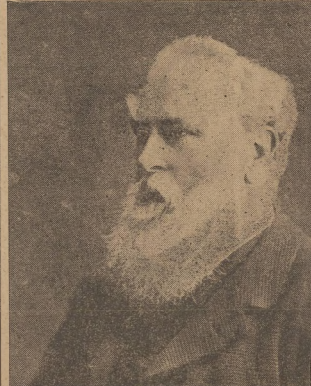
Mr. H. Waterbury, the promoter of the mysterious art exhibition. Interviewed in Paris he said he would return to London to "face the music."

'SPURS' GOALKEEPER.



Charlie Williams, the Tottenham Hotspurs' goalkeeper, starting for a sprint during training operations.

WOOLWICH'S FIRST MAYOR.



Colonel Sir Edwin Hughes, whose portrait was taken at Plumstead, at the age of two.—(Fradelle and Young.)



SCENES AT THE MILL WOMEN'S STRIKE AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE

For days Ashton-under-Lyne has been in a state of siege on account of the strike of cotton operatives at the Curzon Mills. Below are some photographs, specially taken for the "Mirror," illustrating the scenes in the streets.



Crowds gathering in the streets near the factory, waiting for the "blacklegs" to come out.



Two of the "armour-plated" buses conveying the operators from the factory to the railway station, guarded by mounted policemen.



Strikers following one of the barricaded buses through the streets to the railway station.



The strikers gather in the street in little groups planning attacks on the "blacklegs."



Policemen on protection duty outside the houses of some of the operators who refused to join the strikers.



Some of the strikers: They look quite happy, for they had just seen a policeman struck with half a brick.

BEAUTIFUL JEWELLERY OF THE NEWEST KIND—SERVICEABLE MILLINERY.

THE FASHION IN GEMS.

LONG CHAINS ARE WORN AGAIN.

To possess the latest and loveliest idea in pendants is a great pleasure to the modern woman, and so it is enjoyable to be able to state that among jewels of high artistic merit pendants still stand pre-eminent. As an instance there has just been made a superb pendant of chased gold representing a dragon with outspread wings beautifully enamelled. A large, fine pearl is set in the jaws of the monster, while its undulating tail terminates in a pearl-shaped opal. Other exquisite and popular designs are also of chased gold, and represent vine tendrils with the leaves enamelled in the proper colours and the grapes composed of fine pearls.

Necklaces are very much seen. A beautiful one, called the "Duchess," consists of eleven rows of fine pearls, gathered together by bands of brilliants. This necklace is adorned with a clasp thickly

valued of from one to three inches, little ornaments—longuettes, fans, bells, books, and all kinds of birds and animals. Each souvenir is supposed to be from a friend, and to recall an event, a visit, or a conversation, so the idea is a very happy one. One novelty in chains has the two loose ends fastened to the corsage by jewelled crocodiles, which gruesome little animals make quite pretty ornaments, and are useful as well. The true lover's knot, through which is run a second chain, is used, carried out in white enamel, while the large round stones that finish the same chain are of tourmaline, a bright and most effective colour.

MARKET GARDENING FOR WOMEN.

A CALLING AT ONCE PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE.

Now that women are more and more turning to out-of-door occupations as a means of gaining a livelihood, it is interesting to follow the career of one of the sex, who has made a success in this line

PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

A VAST RANGE OF CHOICE.

Photograph frames have assumed a degree of beauty in these days that was entirely foreign to them a few years ago. There is the simple frame and the very elaborate one, and an apparently endless collection in between, sufficient to suit all tastes and purses. It is an easy matter to invest a considerable sum in frames, for some of the latest examples are decidedly costly. But they are works of art, and well worth the investment.

To the uninitiated the variety in frames that obtains nowadays is apt to prove something of a

able, and is undeniably attractive when the floral decoration is skillfully executed.

But the metal frames constitute an immense majority. They stand forth in all the glory of gilt, silver, or gun-metal, unadorned, and also as the background for scintillating rows of stones, arranged in conventional and original patterns. They are heart-shaped, oval, circular, square, or in the Empire design, each with a charm of its own, that makes choice difficult. The wreath frame of enamelled leaves and pearls is a jewelled type that is very worthy of the attention it attracts.

AUTUMN VISITS.

A WRINKLE IN PACKING.

The wealthy woman does well to invest in a travelling trunk divided into compartments. But these cost considerable sums, and are not universal. Yet it is a great trial to the smart girl to find all her carefully-folded garments in unsightly wrinkles at her journey's end. How can this be avoided?

One clever packer resorts to the large flat cardboard boxes tailors and the large shops use when sending out their wares.

In these boxes she packs her gowns, folding them carefully and making sure that each case is filled and closely covered. One such box fits into the bottom of the trunk. Then round and over it are disposed less perishable things, such as plain under-clothing and footwear. Another closely-packed box goes in on the top of this layer, and so on, alternating the boxes of gowns with the other clothing.

The result is that no matter how many times the box is turned end over end on its journey, there is no disturbance of the contents, and hence there are no wrinkles when the clothes are unpacked. Moreover, as each box is labelled, there is no necessity to turn the whole trunk topsy-turvy in an attempt to find a particular costume.

This simple plan works especially well in the packing of children's dresses, which are so apt to lose their fresh appearance when shaken about in a roomy trunk.

SOAP TREES.

A CURIOUS HARVEST FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Manufacturers in Algeria have begun to produce a natural soap from a certain tree which has long been known also in Japan, China, and India, and bears a fruit of about the size of a horse-chestnut, smooth and round, the colour of which varies from a yellowish green to brown. The inner part of the nut is of a dark colour, and it has an oily kernel. The tree bears fruit in its sixth year, and yields from fifty-five to 220 pounds of fruit, which can be easily harvested in the autumn. By using water or alcohol the saponaceous ingredient of the fruit is extracted. The cost of production is said to be small, and the soap, on account of possessing no alkaline qualities, is avowed superior to the ordinary soap of commerce.

A MOTOR COAT.

COMFORT AND PROTECTION FROM COLD.

An excellent coat for motoring is made of very soft leather, which has all the appearance of kid, in either deep plum colour, green, brown, or any other suitable shade. It is lined with a thin woollen material. The coat has semi-fitting fronts and a closely-fitting back, and a short shoulder-cape carried down over the fronts in the form of a plastron with strapped seams; the sleeves are full, and the collar turns up round the neck. This same coat is also made in tweed, piped with leather.



Supple felt hats are all the fashion now. Sketched above is green model swathed with shaded green velvet thrust through a gold buckle and trimmed at one side with horse-chestnut leaves and fruit.



A burnt straw hat brightened with gold, interwoven in the straw, is illustrated above. The feathers are red and gold ones, and the red ribbon is edged with gold.

studded with diamonds. A charming pattern, called "Bayadere," is composed of three rows of pearls gathered together at intervals by a larger pearl. It is wrapped twice round the neck and then tied up gracefully.

Pearls of Many Colours.

Rings composed of different coloured pearls are a fancy that is very handsome when carried out in fine gems. Black and white, and black, white, and pink pearls are used together, and grey pearls with diamonds look exquisite. Purple pearls are rare, and are eagerly bought by the wealthy. Diamonds are well worn with silver filigree work, especially for hair ornaments, and there are olive wings, too, which, centred by an onyx studded with diamonds, make a very pretty and delicate ornament. A Louis XVI. brooch and a shoulder knot in diamonds and topaz ornament a richly-dressed woman to perfection, in company with black evening attire. In Paris the shamrock leaf is seen a great deal again, and as it is supposed to bring good luck it is worn in all stones and as the design of numbers of ornaments.

To return to ornaments for the hair, a gold arrow resting in the tresses studded with diamonds affords a very novel effect. Earrings are always fashionable in Paris, and are worn morning, noon, and night.

At present there is a craze for the souvenir chain. It is made of gold, and on it are fastened, at inter-

vals of from one to three inches, little ornaments—longuettes, fans, bells, books, and all kinds of birds and animals. Each souvenir is supposed to be from a friend, and to recall an event, a visit, or a conversation, so the idea is a very happy one.

One novelty in chains has the two loose ends fastened to the corsage by jewelled crocodiles, which gruesome little animals make quite pretty ornaments, and are useful as well. The true lover's knot, through which is run a second chain, is used, carried out in white enamel, while the large round stones that finish the same chain are of tourmaline, a bright and most effective colour.

Three Paying Lines.

Tomatoes this grower declares to be one of her best paying vegetables; rhubarb pays very well, and so do strawberries. In addition to her ordinary gardening, this energetic bread-winner also does jobbing gardening, finding it very profitable work to tend window-boxes, as she is able to supply all the materials herself. She also has three pupils and applications from others.

When a girl has but a small amount of capital this authority advises that she husband it as much as possible by obtaining her training economically and practically, say in a sound market gardener's place, saving all that she can, in order to have something on hand when ready to start on her own account. "I should advise a girl to start where she is known," she said. "Friends are invariably the first customers."

The Greek key design in braiding or embroidery is one of the fancies of the moment,

surprise, and for the lover of ornaments of this character a tour of observation with photograph frames as the goal is pretty certain to prove interesting. In this study of frames not alone will the variety strike the onlooker, but also the degree of artistic perfection to which these latter-day types have attained. There are frames apparently of every conceivable kind of material—leather, silk, wood, linen, metal, ivory, pearl, and precious stones, all are utilised by the enterprising manufacturer in the fashioning of these accessories, which find a place in nearly every household in the land.

A new idea is a frame of mother-of-pearl with metal decorations at the top. The opalescent hues of the pearl contrast charmingly with the gleam of the gilt ornamentation.

The pyrographic expert or novice finds in the frame a splendid field for the exploitation of her skill with the pyrographic needle, and the variety in frames of this sort is only limited apparently by the number of workers. An admirable form of burnt work is the triple frame, for a mother and her girls, and so on.

Many Leather Frames.

Leather fancies have held sway for a long time. Suede of deep brown, soft fawn, green or red colourings, is much in evidence, especially in libraries, its material and colour harmonising best with the customary furnishings of these rooms.

For the embroiderer and the woman who likes embroidered trifles the linen frame is most accept-

Force

saves half an hour in getting breakfast ready. No cooking.



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CANVAS BIRD.

New Flying Machine To Be Tried in London.

The latest airship was seen by a party of journalists yesterday at Messrs. Spencer's balloon factory at Highbury. It is announced to make its first flight at the Crystal Palace next week.

Its inventor is Senor Alvares, of Brazil, who has spent eighteen years in devising a machine by which he hopes to solve the problem of aerial navigation. He has followed the principle of the flight of a bird, and his airship itself is very much like a huge bird with great white wings, forty feet from tip to tip.

The framework is of bamboo, two outstretching arms supporting the light sail canvas aeroplane wings. At the bow is a 2-h.p. Minerva motor, actuating two propellers, 5ft. in diameter. Behind this the aeronaut has his place in a little canvas swinging chair, with levers and ropes under his hands.

Buoyancy of a Bird.

At the rear of the ship are three rudders, two horizontal for ascending and descending, and one vertical for steering.

If simplicity counts, the Alvares flying machine has gone a step further than any of its predecessors. There are the spreading aeroplane wings, which suggest the buoyancy of a bird, the propelling motor, and the three rudders. Two small levers and two ropes will operate the whole of the mechanism.

The ship itself weighs 150lb., and has a bearing capacity of another 150lb. The total area of the wings is 400 square feet, while the propellers revolve at the rate of 200 times a minute.

Mr. Spencer took his seat in the suspended chair and set the motor going. The bird-machine quivered and throbbed. As the power was in-

creased the ship swung to and fro. He pulled a guide rope and the big rudder swayed the whole fabric from side to side, the while the wings shook and fluttered like the sails of a yacht.

"Pull this rope," he shouted, above the noise of the vigorous little motor, "and we should ascend or descend," and he showed the movements of the two horizontal rudders.

Senor Alvares is modestly confident that his "bird" will fly.

There will be no passenger on the trial trip next week. It will be taken up 5,000 feet, and released from a balloon. Sand bags will be used as ballast.

THIEVES IN COW-SKINS.

Robbers Adopt a Pantomime Form of Disguise.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ODESSA, Monday.—The peasants of Bogoroditsa, in South-West Russia, are likely soon to find themselves without cattle.

A month ago the live-stock of the village, from some mysterious cause, began to dwindle, horses and cows disappearing from the pastures every night.

A watch was kept, but no thief in human form was discovered. At last, when the villagers were beginning to believe that the Devil himself had spirited the beasts away, the truth came out.

A band of thieves from a neighbouring village, working in pairs, were in the habit of disguising themselves in the skins of cows, and thus crossing the pastures at night unobserved.

Last week a "cow" of unusual shape was caught and found to contain a human kernel, which soon lost its semblance to humanity under the sturdy peasants' fists.

The thefts, however, continued, and now the moujiks, armed with guns, are parading the roads at night, and shooting at every horse and cow that comes in sight.

BACK FROM THE HOLIDAYS.

1904 a Record Season on the East Coast.

The holiday season is over, and London streets are becoming their busier selves once more.

At every railway terminus the hordes of returning holiday-makers, with bronze on their faces and portmanteaux in their hands, proclaim the end of the summer.

It has been one of the best holiday seasons on record. A *Mirror* representative was yesterday told at Cook's that the east coast watering-places have rarely had such a harvest. Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Scarborough, and Clacton have perhaps held the palm with the middle-class holiday-maker. It is true the watering-places along the southern, south-eastern, and south-western seaboard have also prospered remarkably, but this year, with its warmer weather, there has been a greater disposition to get to places where the City visitor is braced by the ozone of the north.

Chief Foreign Resort.

Switzerland has been, of course, the chief foreign resort, but Normandy and Brittany have become more popular than ever.

Norway, more easily reached than ever by an accelerated service of coasting steamers, has had the best harvest of English for years past.

Just as the middle-class holiday-maker is returning to London, prose, fogs, and work, the wealthy leisured tourist is thinking of his winter holiday in Nice, Egypt, or Algiers. The Riviera tours have gained a great pleasure programme for the season.

Khartoum will this winter be a resort for many hundreds of Englishmen, and many inquiries are being made for tickets to Uganda, the Victoria Falls, and other spots which, inaccessible ten years ago, are now the more trouble to reach than Aberdeen or York.

SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

Teaching Young Women How to Cook.

"Why not teach girls household duties from Monday morning till Friday night?" asks a correspondent who sends us a week's programme of a suggested course for the elder girls in our schools.

Monday.—Washing clothes. The art of ironing and mending linen. Cold joints and preparation of salads. Needlework.

Tuesday.—The re-cooking of cold joints. Hashes and curries. Lecture on the care of infants.

Wednesday.—Preparation of entrées; meat puddings and pies; vegetables and sweets. Lessons in cutting out garments.

Thursday.—Cooking. Shopping. Lecture on the care of infants.

Friday.—Cooking for the week-end. Cakes, etc. Lecture on sanitation.

After several weeks of this sort of tuition, with variations to include breakfast cooking, coffee making, etc., a girl should begin to know something about housekeeping.

A well-known philanthropic lady highly approved of a practical scheme of this kind, and remarked:—

"If every girl would consider it her duty to spend at least one year, on leaving school, in some domestic service there would be a vast gain to the nation at large."

OUR NEWEST NOVELTY.

Your portrait finished in water colours, beautifully mounted as a pendant of rolled gold, for 2s. 11d.

That is the latest offer made to you in order to advertise the *Daily Mirror*. Full particulars will be found on page 28. The miniature can be seen at the West End office of the *Daily Mirror*, 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXXV. (continued).

As Stanyon pushed the dinghy off the mud he noticed that there were neither sculls nor rowlocks in the boat. He was scarcely surprised, for it was hardly likely that the owners of the yacht would leave it at the mercy of anyone who chose to board her. But it lessened his chances of escape.

The tide was flowing swiftly out of the creek towards the sea. The yacht lay in mid-stream, about a hundred and fifty yards lower down. The current would take the dinghy on to it if Stanyon could manage to get further away from the bank. He pulled up the stern sheet, and, using it vigorously as a paddle, tried to row straight across the stream.

When he was less than twenty yards from the shore Wilkinson fired at him. The bullet passed close to his head. Wilkinson fired again, and hit the boat on the water line, and yet again; but this last shot went harmlessly into the water. Then he suddenly changed his plans, and ran hurriedly back. Stanyon knew well enough what this new move meant. His pursuer was either going to get another boat or else give the alarm to the coastguards.

He paddled with all his strength, but he saw that he would be carried past the yacht in spite of his most strenuous efforts. Where the two creeks joined, the current began to set towards the north bank, and he could make no progress towards mid-stream. He realised the situation and resolved to act before it was too late. He rose to his feet, whipped off his coat and plunged into the water.

The chill of the took his breath away, and his efforts to reach the yacht almost resolved themselves into a struggle for life. He was fifteen feet away from her when the current swept him past the stern, and the lost ground had to be regained by inches. The task would have been nothing to him if he had been in possession of his full health and strength. But to a man exhausted by fatigue and hunger it required an effort almost beyond his powers.

More than once, as Stanyon battled with the swirling tide, he looked up at the sky, and breathed a silent prayer; more than once he almost decided to give up the struggle and drift down stream to the nearest bank. But the cold water had braced his whole system, and his indomitable spirit overcame the weariness of his flesh. Inch by inch he moved up against the current, until at last he grasped the rudder of the yacht. Even then it took him five minutes to scramble on board, and when at last his feet were on the firm planks of the deck, he saw that he was not yet out of the water.

But in a few minutes the cold wind playing on his shivering body roused him to his senses. He caught hold of the boom and pulled himself to his feet. He had resolved to cast off the yacht's moorings and slip down the creek to the sea. The moral aspect of the situation did not trouble him.

His only thought was how to escape from the bloodhound that was pursuing him.

"I will dog you," Wilkinson had said, "till Gramphorn is dead."

Stanyon broke open the cabin door and laughed. The scent of hounds is useless in the water.

* * * * *

The cabin of the five-ton yacht Doris was small, but comfortable. Stanyon lit the tiny lamp, and then searched for dry clothes. He found a white sweater and an old pair of blue trousers. Then he went out into the cockpit, took off his dripping garments, rubbed himself down with a towel that was none too clean, and put on his borrowed plumes. They were old and dirty, but the dryness and warmth of them sent the blood tingling through his shivering body.

Then he searched for food. He had no time to waste in eating, but food was a necessity, and he knew that it would be impossible to leave the tiller till he was well out of the creek. He found a cardboard box with half a dozen eggs in it, and a third of a bottle of whisky. He broke all the eggs into his enamel mug, and beat them up, poured in a large dose of whisky, and filled the mug up with water. Then he drained the mixture to the last drop.

The eggs were not quite fresh, but Stanyon thought that he had never tasted anything more delicious in his life. The alcohol coursed through his veins like fire, and he felt refreshed. He poured in a large dose of whisky, and filled the mug up with water. Then he drained the mixture to the last drop.

He looked round the landscape, now clearly defined and glittering in the light of the moon. The wind was rising, and he could see for miles on every side of him. The dark marsh, the silver creeks, and the distant sea were all as distinct as though it were noonday. No one was in sight. Neither the eastern wind nor the water was there any sign of a living soul. There was no sound but the voice of the freshening breeze. Stanyon laughed as he took the cover off the mainsail.

"Let it blow," he said to himself. "The more wind the better." He had learnt his seamanship on the stormy coast of Wales, and the waters of the eastern creeks were like lakes to him.

In a few minutes' time he had hoisted the mainsail, set the jib, and cast off the moorings. The breeze came from the north. It would be a fair wind down the creek, a fair wind running south to the mouth of the Thames, and still a fair wind as he reached the river to London. It almost seemed as though Providence intended to assist him in his flight.

As the Doris swung round, he made fast the jib sheet, and sprang to the tiller. The little craft heeled over and began to tear through the water, leaving a wake of white foam behind her. He kept her well in the centre of the stream. He was enough of a sailor to know that he was not yet out of the wood. It is always possible to run aground in an Essex creek, and a falling tide usually ensures a snug berth in the mud for several hours. He knew nothing of the creek, and had no time to consult a chart. He had merely to trust to Providence and keep the boat in the centre of the stream.

Half a mile lower down he sighted the dinghy, high and dry on the mud. His regret at the loss

of it was tempered by the knowledge that it would have been useless to him without sculls and rowlocks. But he was to a certain extent hampered by its absence. He was no longer able to land when and where he chose, and would have to depend on some one to come into contact with as few people as possible. He found some comfort, however, in the thought that he was moving all the faster for not having a boat to tow behind him.

The Doris tore down the creek at a furious pace, and as Stanyon stood at the tiller, he experienced an exhilaration such as he had not felt for many a long day. Before him stretched the open sea, the very symbol of freedom. Behind him lay the marshland, the slime of the creeks, the foul water of the dykes, and the noxious things that breathe in silent and stagnant places. He drank in the breath of the keen north wind and it was like wine to him.

After all, he said to himself, "there is something left in life even for a broken-down wretch like myself."

In less than half an hour he reached the mouth of the creek. It was nearly two miles in width, and it was here that Stanyon realised the danger of running his little craft aground. All round him ugly banks and ridges began to rise from the water. A few small buoys and beacons were dotted here and there, but they conveyed nothing to his mind, and he did not know whether to leave them to port or starboard. In daylight he could perhaps have picked out the channel by the colour of the water, but in the moonlight he had no clue to guide him.

And fortune did not desert him in his hour of need. No less than five times the chain of the centreboard gave an ominous click, and he knew that he was touching the bottom. But each time he pulled the plate up a few inches and drove over the bank into deeper water. He might easily have driven into still shallower water, and he began to think that heaven was smiling on his enterprise and that perhaps after all he was not forsaken by the God whose laws he had broken.

At last the Doris passed out into the open water, and as she sailed beyond the shelter of the land she caught the full force of the sea breeze. But surely little boat that she was, she plunged her nose in it and flung water after wave off her bow in sheets of spray. When she had left the last spit of land two miles behind her Stanyon hove to and went into the cabin to consult the chart. As the result of his investigation he altered his course to S.S.E. and ran before the wind.

When the sun rose glorious and golden in the east, he had reached the Nore Light, and once more altered his course to the west. It was plain sailing now. He was in the channel, and it was as easy as walking along a high road. The wind had shifted a little into the east, and he knew that, if it came in the same quarter he could reach London long before sunset. But with the daylight a new danger had arisen. Stanyon was well aware that Wilkinson had not given up the pursuit, and that it would be easy to recognise the Doris from either bank anywhere west of Gravesend.

But in this, as in other matters, his good fortune still attended him. No one came out to interrupt his progress, and he dropped anchor in Greenwich Reach shortly after four o'clock. He had decided to go no further up the river. The next reach would have entailed a dead beat against the wind, and a strong ebb tide, and would have been no easy task in a narrow stream thronged with shipping of every description.

He stowed sail neatly and carefully. He owed

that at least to the little craft that had brought him so swiftly to his destination. Then he went into the cabin, found a tin of soup, heated it over the oil stove, and drank it greedily. He hunted for more food, but discovered nothing save a tin of sardines. He opened it and ate the contents. Then he searched for something that he could turn into cash at a pawnshop. He found nothing more valuable than a pipe with an amber mouthpiece. However, he came across a shilling in the pocket of an old waistcoat, and the trifling sum meant much to him. For he had not got a shilling, and even if he had he agreed to take a pipe in payment, the mere fact of the owner of the yacht being penniless would excite suspicion.

He then hailed a man on a neighbouring barge, and was landed on the north side of the river. He gave the barge the stolen shilling, and set forth to look for some lodging for the night. He had been sorely tempted to stop on the yacht and avail himself of the cosy little cabin. But he saw the risk of remaining on the Doris. By his action in running off with the boat he had rendered himself liable to arrest, and the sooner he left her the better. Subsequent events justified his self-sacrifice. Half an hour afterwards he looked down stream from a wharf in Millwall and saw two coastguards on board the Doris.

Stanyon wandered among docks and warehouses and dingy streets till midnight. He was in the very heart of the shipping world, and the sorrows of his life seemed almost justified by the tall forests of graceful masts. He searched diligently for some empty house that would give him shelter for the night. But it appeared to be a most desirable neighbourhood, for there were no houses to let. Even the darkest and loneliest by-ways thronged with life.

At last, however, he found a narrow, deserted wharf, wedged in between two great blocks of warehouses. A small, dilapidated brick building stood on the very edge of the water, and appeared to be built on piles. He examined it carefully, and came to the conclusion that it had not been used for some time.

Then, suddenly, as he was trying to effect an entrance through a broken window he was felled to the ground by a terrific blow on the back of his head and he lost consciousness.

When Stanyon came to his senses, he found himself in a dark room. He was bound hand and foot, and his head throbbed with pain.

"Where am I?" he moaned feebly to himself.

In answer to his question a door opened and a man entered with a lantern. Stanyon gave a cry of terror, for as he saw the man's face he realised that all his efforts and all his good fortune had availed him nothing. He was a prisoner in the hands of Arthur Wilkinson.

(To be continued.)

WRESTLING AT SOUTHELD.

Southeld is keenly interested in the amateur wrestling match between Mr. A. H. Manbey and Mr. J. S. Aubrey Jewell, which takes place at the Southeld Union to-night.

The proceeds will go to the Balclava Heroes Fund. Both men are well known locally, Mr. Manbey coming from Leigh-on-Sea, while Mr. Jewell is the recognised strong man of Southeld.

The former is the lighter by 24lb., but is extremely agile. The match will be in Greco-Roman style.

On page 8 is a photograph of Mr. Jewell.

THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

The Mystery of the Arsenic.

WHAT COULD MADELEINE SMITH HAVE WANTED WITH IT?

Madeline Smith, a beautiful, young Scotch girl, was tried in Edinburgh on June 30, 1857, for the murder of her lover.

Without question the lover, Emile L'Angelier, died of poisoning, for in his body were found, after death, no fewer than 88 grains of arsenic.

After an historic trial, made more notable by the production of a passionate series of love letters from Madeleine to L'Angelier, the jury returned a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

During our study of the Maybrick case this great trial and remarkable verdict were often mentioned; striking parallels between the two cases were established; and a request came from many of our readers that we should relate the circumstances of the older tragedy.

The motives urged against Madeleine Smith at her trial were (1) that she had fired of her secret intrigue with L'Angelier, a penniless clerk, whom she knew her wealthy parents would never let her marry; (2) her family was forcing her into an engagement with a neighbour, a Mr. William Minnoch, a prosperous young Glasgow merchant; (3) L'Angelier would not release her, but threatened to show her terrible love letters to her father.

We examine to-day in detail Madeleine's excuse that she bought arsenic for her complexion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Arsenic as a Cosmetic—The Denial of Madeleine's Teacher—Did L'Angelier Commit Suicide?

So, at last, we are face to face with Madeleine's explanation, and our task is almost done. Rats were lies—that she admitted. The real reason why she had bought arsenic and tried to buy prussic acid was because she wanted to use it as a cosmetic. She declared that she had heard speak of this use at her school at Clapton, where one of the pupil teachers, a Miss Gubillei, had told her that arsenic diluted in water was a most excellent complexion wash, and that is the way she swore she had used all the arsenic purchased by her.

There, then, was a definite assertion that could be tested. Miss Gubillei was called, and she asserted definitely: "I never advised her to use arsenic as a cosmetic, or to apply it to her face, neck, or arms, mixed with water, nor to use it in any way. I had no conversation with her, that I recollect, about the use of arsenic. I believe I had no conversation with her about the use of cosmetics in their external application to the skin. I recollect one evening, in the course of reading, it was mentioned that Swiss mountaineers took arsenic to improve their breath in ascending hills, and that those who took it were remarkable for plumpness and a general appearance of good health. I believe I had no conversation with Miss Smith about this passage."

THE LIE DIRECT.

There was the lie direct. Dr. Penny, the great analyst, was also asked about this use of arsenic, and declared that it would be very dangerous to employ arsenic externally in any way: "There are cases in which it has been applied to the entire or whole skin where there was no abrasion, and in which symptoms of poisoning had been produced—vomiting, pain, but no death. In one case it was rubbed on the head, I think, but I don't remember the details of the case. From the remembrance of general reading my impression is that it produces eruption on the sound skin. If cold water were used—I should not like to wash in such water myself." And in reply to the Lord Justice Clerk the doctor said: "There are cases in which inflammation of the intestines has been produced by external application of arsenic."

Dr. Christian's evidence was to the same effect; while, on the other hand, a doctor who was called on behalf of the defence stated that he had tried the experiment of washing in cold water in which arsenic had been dissolved and had not taken any

harm from it. He said, "If kept long in contact with the skin it might produce bad effects; but I should think very little effect would be produced on the hands by washing them in cold water in which a quarter or half an ounce of arsenic was put." But the witness could not say that the solution had any beneficial effect whatever, and the weight of evidence on this point was certainly on the side of the two great chemists who gave their views in the contrary direction.

So much, then, for Madeleine Smith's explanation of those purchases. A second line of defence was that L'Angelier had himself been an arsenic eater for many years, and this argument was based upon a remark made by him to a witness many years prior to his death—a boasting remark to the effect that he was often in the habit of eating arsenic for his face, and that he gave it to horses; but he had never said anything of the kind during his life at Glasgow, except once to M. de Mean, who stated that conversation in the winter of 1853-54.

"It was on a Sunday; but I don't recollect how the conversation arose. It lasted about half an hour. Its purport was how much arsenic a person could take without being injured by it. He maintained that it was possible to do it by taking small quantities; but I don't know what led to the conversation."

L'ANGELIER HAD NO ARSENIC.

Moreover, no trace of arsenic was found in L'Angelier's lodgings; nor could the most careful house-to-house search through Glasgow bring out the fact that he had bought arsenic once during the whole of his time there. No jury could have believed for an instant that he had died accidentally as the result of repeated arsenic-eating.

Of course, the Dean of Faculty was bound to put the case for Madeleine Smith at its very highest. Referring to her purchases of arsenic, he said in a passage at the end of his eloquent speech: "But the possession of this arsenic is said to be a very unaccountable thing, so far as the use of it by her father herself is concerned. Again, I must take leave to say that that may be so, and yet it won't aid the case for the prosecution if not otherwise proved. But you see the account which she herself gives of it. She tells you that she used it as a cosmetic. Now, however startling that statement may be at first sight to a person who has not previously heard of the extraordinary use to which arsenic is put, I really think, after the evidence you have had upon this trial, it cannot be so very amazing to you now. You have seen, as regards what occurred at school when she was there, her statement is so far borne out, that the pupils, in the course of their reading, stumbled upon an account of the way in which the peasants of Syria used arsenic, no doubt, internally, and not externally, for the purpose of bettering their wind; and one consequence of it was stated to be that it improved their complexions, and gave them a certain plumpness of appearance. L'Angelier was very well aware of the same fact. He stated—and it was false—it was only one of his numerous falsehoods, but I presume he stated truly—that he was in the habit of using arsenic himself. He stated it to two witnesses, whose names I forget, persons from Dundee. He stated it to M. de Mean, and he contended, in argument with him, that it was a thing that might be used with perfect safety, if done discreetly. It is nothing very surprising, if L'Angelier knew this peculiar use of arsenic himself, that it should be communicated by him to the prisoner."

THE COSMETIC FALLACY.

"It is not in the slightest degree surprising that from an internal use, which everybody must think would be attended with great danger, it might be suggested to try it externally; and there is not the least reason to suppose that, assuming it to have been used externally in the manner in which the prisoner says she used it, it would be productive of injurious effects, or to suspect, upon that ground, the truth of the statement she made."

"We have no doubt seen medical gentlemen coming here and shaking their heads, and saying that it was a dangerous practice. I don't think it a very dangerous practice. Well, so do I, and so do we all, think it a dangerous and foolish practice; but that is not the question. The question is, whether she could use it without an injurious effect; and that has been made matter of demonstration to you by the experiment of Dr. Lawrie, fortified by the opinion of Dr. MacLagan. The publication in 'Chamber's Journal,' in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and in 'Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life,' of the information about the use of arsenic had reached not the prisoner alone, but a multitude of other ladies, and had incited them to the same kind of experiments. You have heard the evidence of the two druggists, Robertson and Galt, that they had been visited by ladies in order to obtain arsenic for the very purpose suggested in these publications; and, therefore, you cannot think it at all surprising that at the time and in the circumstances when the prisoner bought the arsenic she might fairly intend to use it, and did, in point of fact, use it, for the very purpose which she assigned in her declaration."

SUICIDE IMPOSSIBLE.

The jury were not convinced by his reasoning; but at the same time they could not satisfy themselves that Madeleine had bought the arsenic with a murderous intention. There remained yet one other cause of death adduced by the defence—suicide. On this point the Lord Advocate had said all that there was to be said. "Oh," declared the

deputy, "one witness after another who knew L'Angelier came forward and spoke of him as of a wild nature, always flying to thoughts of suicide whenever he had been crossed in love."

The Lord Advocate took up that challenge and answered it word for word: "But it is said that he talked about committing suicide. He did so; but he did not do it. He said at one time that if any lady jilted him he would put a knife in his breast; but he was jilted, and he did not do it. The man that is going to commit suicide does not go to the window when his companion is in bed and wait till he gets out of it. The man desiring to commit suicide does not go down the companion-way at Leith Pier and say that he is going to drown himself. The man that commits suicide does not take a knife in his hand and say to his companions that he is going to plunge it in his breast. I think this temperament is much the reverse of the suicidal. It is more the characteristic of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, but it does not in my mind lead to a conclusion in the slightest degree one way or the other in regard to L'Angelier having committed suicide."

The Lord Justice Clerk, the presiding Judge, dealt with these theories of L'Angelier having poisoned himself (purposely or accidentally) in the same doubting spirit. Coming to the evidence for the defence, and referring to the statement of one of the witnesses about L'Angelier having pointed a carving-knife to his own throat under the stress of a jilted love, his lordship said he should think, that the man who took such a way of suicide—that he was throwing himself over the Dean Bridge and out of the window of his bedroom, six storeys high—or drowning himself if he should be jilted, after in reality he had been jilted, was not a man very likely actually to commit suicide. The jury would consider whether all that was merely the mere vapouring of a loose, talkative man, fond of awakening an interest in the minds of others about himself, or whether it afforded any indication, that he was likely to commit suicide.

ARSENIC FOR HORSES.

With regard to L'Angelier's statement to Mr. Ogilvie, assistant-teller in the Dundee Bank, as to giving horses arsenic in France, that, added his lordship, it was a very old story, too; and that places on the Continent there were well-regulated posts, and it was nonsense to talk of a small quantity of arsenic making the horses long-winded, as it was only the long use of it in small quantities which could produce any effect. He said to this man, "Oh, I take arsenic myself." Evidently that was to keep up the truth of his vapouring story, and to remove the force of Mr. Ogilvie's remark about arsenic being dangerous. That evidence was brought forward in order to support the notion that the deceased poisoned himself with arsenic, but he did not think it had much bearing upon the matter. Unless they were satisfied that he took up and had a purpose of suicide in his mind, and that it was of his own volition, and that he carried about with him such a quantity of the white powder, and swallowed it. He thought, therefore, the case stood far better for the prisoner to take her stand on the point that the guilt could not be brought home to her, which was really the point on which the matter turned.

THE JUDGE'S VIEW.

His Lordship thought it was not unlikely that L'Angelier had talked to the prisoner about the use of arsenic as a cosmetic, and this may have led her to use it or it may, on the other hand, have suggested this excuse to her. The question was whether there was anything in the whole character of the deceased which looked like a person who was in danger of committing suicide, or whether he was not a man of far too much levity to do so. From all they knew of him, he believed he was not the man to do so. There seemed to be no reason for any depression of spirits on his part, so far as his worldly circumstances were concerned. He had an annuity of £200 a year—was better off than he had ever been in his life before—and had every reason to congratulate himself instead of being cast down or depressed. Dr. Girdwood, of Falkirk, deposed to having been applied to by several parties for arsenic to use as a cosmetic after an article had appeared in 'Chamber's Journal' on the subject. That many silly women, after seeing things talked about in the newspapers, may have tried whether arsenic would improve their complexions might be true enough; but he did not think that would satisfy them that that was the object of the prisoner in purchasing it.

And that was evidently the common-sense view which the jury took. If anything had been wanting to confirm it that deficiency would have been supplied by a very significant fact. Madeleine Smith's assertion that she bought arsenic as a cosmetic was supported by an issue of 'Chamber's Journal,' and one of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' both of which she had read, and both of which recommended arsenic for this purpose. But both articles had stated expressly that the arsenic had to be used internally. That was a damning fact against the prisoner, which all the eloquence of the most skillful counsel in Great Britain was not able to get over. But for that it is conceivable that the jury might have found her Not Guilty. Instead, their verdict was Not Proven, and the closing scene of that remarkable trial may be kept for the concluding chapters.

(To be continued.)



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